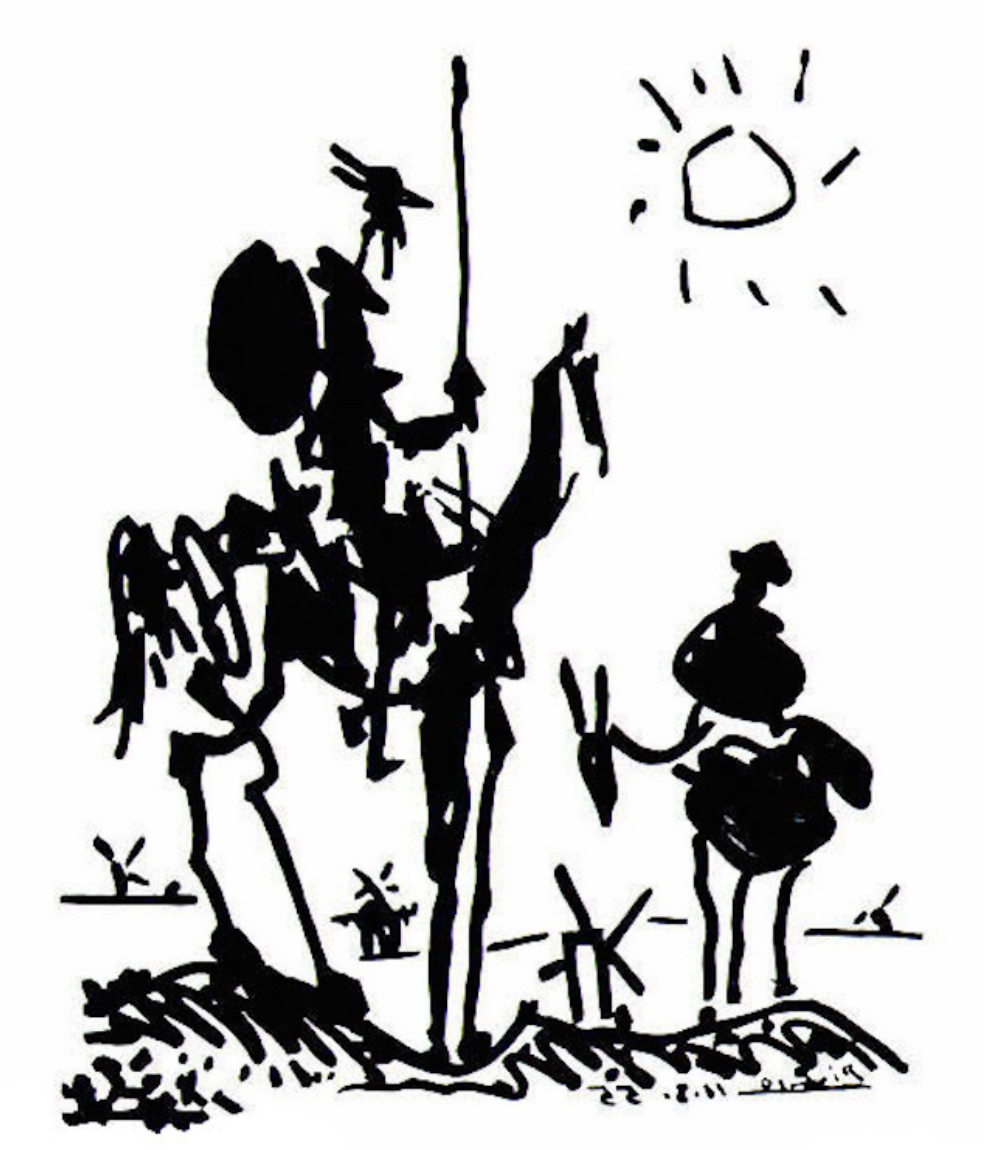
Science, Science & More Science



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

Table of Contents

Preface … 4

The Stillness Before Time … 13

Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim … 22

Breadcrumbs 2015 … 30

Breadcrumbs 2018 … 38

Breadcrumbs 2019 … 40

Breadcrumbs 2020 … 43

Breadcrumbs 2021 … 45

Breadcrumbs 2022 … 55

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond (Under Construction) … 65

The Return to Wonder … 66

Stay Tuned… 82

Preface

Greetings,

While responding to an online friend's questions about my thoughts on science, it occurred to me to take a look at all that had been written about it since I began scribing in 1989. Another friend had suggested this a few years back, and I had set it on the back-burner of possible projects. As might be expected, the creative juices took hold, and this is the PDF result, with a rabbit hole wander of thoughts from all the major titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, the seven Breadcrumbs titles, and The Return to Wonder.

This work is blogged at:

Science, Science & More Science
https://yajekimscienceandmorescience.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The "Breadcrumbs" titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind,

and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. The keywords used to select the following content include: Science, scientific, scientist, mathematics, technology, engineering.

P.P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

The Stillness Before Time

I

Discovering your true birthright
Requires the persistence
Of an aloof scientist,
Gradually scraping away
At the layers of conditioning
Until at some point there is nothing left,
And what you truly are, and are not, is quite apparent.

XII

The sciences have in every manner
Scrutinized the unitary movement of this illusion.
They have stretched the conceptual mind in innumerable ways,
Yet none will ever succeed in determining its origin.
All they can ever do is dance with Maya
On the floor of manifestation.

XIII

Science dissects and names with great finesse,
But of what use is a universe torn to pieces?

XIV

All the observations and experiments of the sciences
Explore, measure, and explain only illusion.
The ultimate teaching offered by the rational mind
Is insight into the confines of dualistic sensory perception.
Scientists must at some point bridge the chasm as irrational mystics
If they truly seek to comprehend this theater for what it in reality is, and is not.

XV

The tenuous belief that science will be the cure-all
For humanity's plight is self-deception on a grand scale.
Any conceptual tool is only as beneficial as those who wield it.

XVIII

True science would not disregard common sense.

Of the Human Journey

Mortal existence is not easy. It never has been, and never will be, for any creature sown of this garden orb, this smidgeon of quantum dust, floating in the vast, immeasurable unknown. What follows are thoughts about the human journey, its theatrical paradigm and the fare existence offers, and the choices all must resolve very much alone in the sojourn through the veiled maze of space-time, of consciousness with all its dualistic notions. It is a journey of ecstasy and agony, courage and fear, love and hate, absurdity and insanity, irony and paradox, life and death. It is the ineffable, insoluble mystery born of the passionate mind, and the ever-flowing array of perceptions, of patterns, every human being faces in the movement through birth, sickness, injury, aging, dying, and death.

These reflections are written to help promote a larger vision of where we as a species are heading; one that attempts to look beyond humanity's many seemingly irreconcilable divisions, one that values insight and wisdom, one that elevates rather than detracts, one that seeks to foster a sense of guardianship, rather than destruction and manipulation, of our little dust ball and the many life forms it has spawned.

We live in a time period similar, yet increasingly unique among the many eras come and gone before. Excessive population, coupled with unprecedented, unrestrained industries and technologies, and the consumption frenzy they feed, are driving our petri dish experiment of so-called free will toward a rather bleak outcome. All the absurdities, all the insanities, we have so carelessly, foolishly, needlessly wreaked upon the earth's magnificent diversity, are huge rebounding tsunamis awaiting our arrival in time. The rules of the manifest game are simple and uncompromising, and those who bend and break them must eventually pay the price that Mother Nature, chief arbiter of all things dreamtime, is more than capable of exacting.

As long as we human beings battle over pride-filled, tribal differences, we inevitably embrace a fate of our own synergistic, instinctual, self-absorbed design. The monopolistic win-lose divisiveness wrought since history's invention, since our egocentric, competitive, voluntary secession from the garden, spirals us down a path of annihilation. What we have done in all our arrogance has created a time already nightmarish for many, and will only exponentially accelerate for those to whom we are now ancestors. And we are nowhere close to discerning a common vision, a truly cooperative paradigm that might sidestep it.

We leave it to future generations to create solutions to problems all have aided in forging. We vainly hope that political, economic, and religious leaders will shepherd us to salvation, but they cannot, because the collective vision is too full of limitation and polarity. Despite all our canny attributes, we as a species have not yet fully fathomed our interconnectedness, our inherent kinship, to the indivisible totality. We have not grasped that time and space do not exist as any more than a play of consciousness, a collusion of imagination. Nowness is the only ephemeral, eternal reality, and the decisions each of us make in this moment-to-moment flowing of this ever-changing theater, create the dreamtime future.

So many of the leaders we have chosen to follow with all their insecure, parasitic ambitions for power, glory, and wealth, only wax the slide with empty promises and compromising, shortsighted decisions. Though many are highly intelligent in many clever ways, too few have the wisdom and integrity to truly serve those they pretend to lead. The result is, that along with there being no political or economic solution to the dilemma now unfolding, our dysfunctional paradigm has created a spiritual crisis well beyond all the vain pretensions so many call religion.

No one has ever, will ever, can ever, see the world exactly the same as anyone else. We are like snowflakes and fingerprints, patterns woven of a mystery, to which all creation is witness in one form or another. Time and space are magical illusions, and each and every one of us is an equal participant in a vast theater of consciousness, spontaneously playing itself out in seemingly every possible way. All our knowledge, all our histories, all our schools of thought, the countless frames of reference we imagine individually and collectively, dreamily overlap and merge like ripples crisscrossing to and fro upon the same sea of relativity.

Words, whatever the language, are conceptual icebergs each and every one of us envision, translate differently. Thoughts of god or gods, love, morality, money, tradition, politics, ad infinitum, inspire a myriad of responses, often conflicting because of rigid, dogmatic attachments to time. Yet, at the origin of all consciousness, that quantum field from which this grand three-dimensional mirage has come to pass, is very much the same indivisible oneness, the same universal, eternal truth, despite all our sophomoric, meaningless arguments over the endless permutations of knowledge, we ourselves have contrived.

All differences are fabrication, fantasy, make-believe, delusion, born of imagination. All polarizations, whether cultural, racial, sexual, geographic, economic, political, religious, mythological, and on and on, are illusive deceptions born of the play of matter, of light and sound, and the theater they together weave. Each of us imagines a personal universe in which all travel very much alone, despite all the sensory evidence to the contrary. Until one can see past the attachments to an individual life, the many differences seem real, but ultimately, they are not, never have been, and never will be. It is a dance too vast for any mind to more than intuitively discern, and perchance fathom, they are lead dancer in their chronicle.

We are passing through a holographic epoch of time in which the seemingly countless dramas of human existence are available for all who have capacity and means to explore. What evolved of geographical isolation can now be witnessed in whatever fashion predisposition allows. There is a tendency, due to the aberration of pride and the quest for false glory, to argue one mythology's supremacy over another, yet is any collusion more than a conceptual adaptation to time and circumstance? Is any one version, any one dream of consciousness, any one play of imagination, from the ultimate-reality perspective, really, truly, in any way, superior, to any other? Might may make right, but it does not make truth.

No one gets out of this manifest existence alive, and every human being ever born comes to grips with that truth in whatever way capacity and limitation allow. Some create hells for themselves, while others discern within, a quality, a virtue, a harmony, that has been given countless names across the world. Most of us, of course, wander the purgatory between. In the journey of life, each of us swims an ebb and flow, in which the individual mind plays out incalculable variations of the passion born of desire and fear.

The life any of us creates, with all its perceptions and interpretations, is a blend of voluntary and involuntary choosing. Traditions are creations every cultural grouping, every societal mindset fabricates in order to maintain continuity in those the genetic lottery casts into its geographic realm. No one is bound to continue believing anything but through the conditioned choices of imagination that some call free will. Those who discern their own law see this manifest play far differently than those who, for whatever reason, cannot see past their attachments to the narrow propagandas of history, whatever the scale.

The gist of these reflections is to encourage those who see their immeasurable nature to become that to which they aspire; intuitively, spontaneously free to meet the moment as it unfolds, whether or not it fits the vision of any other individual or group. In the statistical bell curve of any rise and fall, of any creation

and destruction, there are always the initiators, and those who tag along well after. Those who entertain the greatest vision are already among the many who do not. Whether the reader sees it as a fact or not, we are all that which is the same indivisible upwelling, the same inexplicable mystery. Eternity is very much present within every part and particle, every quantum of the drama to which all are witness. It is a vision so infinite as to include each and every one of us, along with all the other myriad life forms across the planet, as its source.

Is the human species, with all its competitive predispositions, capable of comprehending and responding to a larger vision of itself? With all that is facing us, do we have the luxury of time? Probably not. Though the transformation of consciousness is an instantaneous matter, we are caught in the juggernauting wave of collective delusional ignorance, and countless attachments to choices made in times long before our brief little window. We may agree the problems ahead are nearly insurmountable, but a paradigm shift into a cooperative, balanced, intuitive, holistic, realistic mindset, is too much of a change for most to even begin to fathom, much less enact, at this point in time.

Despite the countless lessons offered by history, we are too attached to building mountains of false gold, practicing divisive religion, maintaining rigid traditions, following insincere leaders, promoting the idolatry of personality, supporting destructive institutions, fabricating egocentric class structures, producing adverse technologies, consuming insatiably in every conceivable way, destroying irreplaceable diversity, and killing one another because our ancestors could not get along any better than we, for all the same myopic, greedy, time-bound, evolutionary, imaginary reasons.

Recognize it or not, the human species is fast-approaching a tailspin of its own design. It is inevitable that this garden planet, and all life that dwells on it, will someday return to its origin. That is the nature of the vast changing, the creation-destruction of each passing moment in which we all choicelessly, spontaneously participate. The indivisible, impersonal totality; that which relatively few fully discern, much less quest total surrender.

The question is, will we go out with nobility, humility, integrity, and discipline as true human beings, harmoniously realigned with the source of our origin, guardians of what is left of the garden that birthed us all? Or will we exit like fruit flies churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar; like rats vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

Each of us makes that decision in every step, in every breath, in every deed, every word, every thought. We individually create our own unique, imaginary versions of the universe, and how we work it out together in the impromptu theater of consciousness, only time will tell. The essential quantum reality is not about contrived differences. It is not about futile, conceited pursuits, meaningless paths to glory. Life is an opportunity to perceive within and without, a vision of an integrated relationship with that which is infinitely, infinitesimally greater than its many parts.

It is the true discernment that each and every one of us, including every angel and every demon, including all creatures great and small, including every infinitesimal, absolute speck of quantum dust swirling within, to the furthest indivisible reaches of the unknown, is equally That I Am to which mystics across the world throughout time point. There is no other.

Each and every one of us is the same indivisible eternal oneness, the same absolute, immeasurable, timeless genesis, playing out the relativity of dreamtime. We are all connected, inseparable, no matter the exterior, no matter the capacity, no matter the frame of reference. No religious middlemen, no stairways

to heaven, are necessary. This indelible insight is absolutely free to all discerning enough to see that ethereal thing called truth is the momentary, intangible, undeniable birthright of the timeless awareness equally within all quantum creations. This intuitive vision of the clarity beyond form, and the exploration of right living it brings about, is the only true revolution.

This inexplicable mystery we call life, this beyond-boggling organization of matter, is an opportunity to witness the vast unfathomable diversity of this manifest theater, this grand play of creation and destruction, of known and unknown, in whatever way each individually imagines. It is the potential within all to see that every form born of space-time is merely one of a ceaseless kaleidoscoping of shapes, of facades, of masks, of patterns, all veiling the same source, the same awareness, the same witness; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

The singularity of totality is beyond the scope of the mind, beyond the irrational concoctions of superstition, beyond the rational explorations of science. It is beyond the wordplay of any belief system, beyond the egocentric weavings of individual persona, and the countless delusions spawned of ignorance. We are all alone, together, and how we as a species finally choose to dance the dance, sing the song, walk the walk, and talk the talk, is ultimately, in this mind's eye, the true legacy of the human journey.

Best wishes.

M

Got God?

Do you believe in God? If so, describe what you mean by that?

Godness is the "I am That I Am" within each of us. It is the everything and the nothing. It is the smallest particle to the greatest whole. It is the isness, the nowness, the awareness, the timeless indivisible, unborn, undying source of this infinite, unknowable mystery. It is the creation, preservation, and destruction of every part and particle playing out the grand theater, the eternal kaleidoscoping holograph of space-time. That spark of divinity, of the Self within all selves, is the witness acting out every drama imaginable.

Each and every life form is the immortal totality splintered into mortal fare. The source of life, of creation, is more than any measurement can ever explain or define. All attempts to grasp it, all the traditions, symbols, rituals and concepts, all the speculations ever devised in this garden world, or any other, are equally limited as anything but intuitive reflections. They are all merely a means to an end, not an end in themselves.

Time is a fabrication of consciousness. It is the virtual reality of the mind, the cotton candy of imagination. The ephemeral, momentary nowness is the only reality. Every life form, no matter who, what, where, when, why, or how, is very much of the same evolving creation, the same source, the same light, the same dreamer, the same witness, the same amness, the same uniqueness, the same absolute oneness. No matter how you slice and label it, we are all holographs of the same essence.

If you were raised in a religious environment, has that had a positive or negative impact on your life?

Organized religions across the world clutch vainly to beliefs founded upon geographic assumptions whose foundations have all become brittle and stale in this shrinking world. Groups throughout time have again and again claimed to be the standard-bearers of truth, but have all too often created far more conflict than community in their ethnocentricity. The net result is that the many propagandas of history are weighing us down with clashing notions. Notions that no longer hold water when examined closely.

The fact is that we are all the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and those blind to this most simple, obvious understanding, those attached to literal translations and dogmatic collusions, cannot help but perpetuate unnecessary confusion and disintegration.

Religious traditions, with all their customs, folklore, symbols, rituals, and concepts are products of time and its inevitable limitations. Their value is that they remind us of our relationship with the mystery of our existence. But to vainly cling to any as more than temporal tools, to battle over them in any way, to use them as anything but maps home, presents a narrow vision of the eternal quest. The word is only sound, and no sound can more than echo though the expanses of eternity.

Organizing the spiritual quest tends to box godness into a concept. And in the journey beyond concepts, into that which is immeasurable, there are no boundaries, no assumptions that withstand that which creates, preserves, and destroys all illusions. The source of time is bound to no form, and inevitably harvests all.

Do you believe in heaven, hell, and judgment day?

Heaven and hell are states of mind, plays of consciousness, that only seem real where the now of time meets the road. Heaven is a sense of intuitive unity, an understanding, a clear harmony, a serene contentment. Hell is its divisive counterpart filled with unending prejudice, complexity, and contention. It is the passionate mind playing out the dualistic weavings of desire and fear, and the suffering they endlessly bring to fruition. Every day is judgment day for those confined by the illusory, dualistic play of the senses. In separation we are demons, in unity we are angels. Who has not tasted every potential to some degree?

Can prayer heal the sick?

If you really have faith, do you need to pray? Sickness, injury, aging. and dying are inevitable in this mortal theater. Oblivion of personal identity is the undeniable fate of all forms. Yet that quantum essence each of us truly is, is immortal, and this very simple realization creates a far different view of life than most seem destined to entertain at any given time. What each of us really is, is far greater than birth and death, and the limitations of any manifest theater. And praying to imagination for mortal immortality is rooted deeply in the quicksand of ignorance.

Are your religious/spiritual beliefs separate from your political ones?

Every action ripples. Every cause creates effect, and every effect becomes cause to the next effect. Those aware of this tend to walk more attentively in their day-to-day actions. Separative choices lead to disintegration; holistic ones to integration. Through interactions with others we show what we value. Are religion and politics separate? All division is the play of the time-bound mind. As long as we as a species value power, fame, and fortune more than we value right relationship, as long as we are in the grips of worldly attachment, as long as we worship mammon and idolize form, we journey toward an inevitable, synergistic fate of our own creation. The paradigm from which we spawned is no longer functional, and the bell is daily tolling louder.

Describe a spiritual experience you have had recently.

Is there any moment that is not spiritual, magical, mysterious? Whether sitting on the porcelain throne, or caught up in an inexplicable vision, every moment's unfolding is ultimately very much the same. We may or may not be tuned in, we may prefer some moments to others, but in reality, the ungraspable is source to all creations of consciousness, wherever or however they unfold. Pay attention to the vastness within, or meander through every sensory, dualistic diversion the world offers, it is all the same ephemeral virtual reality. Life is an opportunity to reflect upon the oneness within and without, and to take it as any more than a three-dimensional, quickly passing mirage, misses its greatest potential.

What is the soul?

What is not the That I Am? What is not the ground of all creation, preservation, and destruction? What is not the indivisible, immortal, absolute reality that permeates all seen and unseen? What is not the same quantum mystery residing in everything from the smallest particle of an atom to the farthest galaxies of all creation? Godness, as seen through consciousness, is as expansive or limited as any given personal vision, yet cannot be confined by any. Ultimately, there is no other. The ocean of godness is all, including the drop of awareness reading this. The proof of it is that no one, no creature ever birthed upon this spinning garden has ever, will ever, or can ever discern more than a reflection of its own face. All forms are

splinters of the same witness, the same oneness, the same faceless unknown. All attributes, all measurements are born of the illusion of space-time, and to be bound by any reverie is the delusion of ignorance.

"Got God?" was a response to a seven-question survey of Chico News & Review readers published in April 1996.

Ten Reflections

I

Become a conscious, sovereign human being, awakened to the intuitive wisdom of awareness, of Self, witness to the reality and unreality, the irony and paradox of this timeless-spaceless mystery of time and space.

II

Respect this diverse garden world and the inherent rights of all creatures small to great. They are all masks of the same creation. There is no other.

III

Treat others at least as well as you would prefer they treat you. Do not expect them to return the favor, or to learn from your example. No one will ever be you.

IV

Live and let live; live and let die; grasp and release; give and take; win and lose; forgive and forget; inhale and exhale; fly and land; swim and drift; rise and fall; open and close; lock and unlock; come and go; start and stop; begin and end; flow and resist; tense and relax; be and allow; create, preserve, destroy.

V

Moderation in all things. Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust, and pride are the roots of limitation, the source of suffering. The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism. Take delight virtue, in integrity and simplicity.

VI

Share what you have to share. But not in such a manner that it is degrading or disempowering to those you serve. Giving to get is not sharing.

VII

Play win-win whenever practical. Unmitigated competition is ultimately a dysfunctional paradigm. Avoid unnecessary conflict. No one really wins a fight. There are plenty of cooperative, egalitarian opportunities for those seeking the inherent ground.

VIII

Bring children into this world only if you intend to truly care for them. There are far too many human beings already. Life is arduous enough without a harsh, imbalanced beginning.

IX

Do not put false wealth above real relationship. Learn to listen to the many voices of nature. Learn to see with its many eyes. Mountains of gold do not compare with a child's joy in a mound of sand, a bird's, in the morning sun, or a dolphin's, in the passing wave.

X

Creation and preservation and destruction are equal partners in this kaleidoscoping light and sound show, playing out in the infinitesimally infinite aloneness of this dreamtime quantum theater. Deeply understanding this, may lessen the suffering of your relatively brief, more than a little absurd existence. Try not to take it all so seriously that you cannot laugh, at least occasionally, at this temporary mind-body, at this transient identity, this ephemeral, ever-changing, three-dimensional illusion, to which you are so attached.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

34

How small is small? How large is large? How real is real?
Science can only measure as much as it has gadgets,
To extend its feeble reach and limited vision.

37

For the want of any proof,
Any verification, any evidence,
Any rational, scientific corroboration,
Hope, faith, belief, mythology, superstition,
And every other form of conviction,
Are sustained across the board.

* * * *

For those earnestly subscribing to the scientific model,
Everything, every moment, is an on-going experiment.

41

Any given scientist in any given field,
Can only offer as objective an observation,
As the relativity of subjectivity allows.

46

True science requires any given scientist, any given researcher,
To approach the question, the problem, the puzzle, the hypothesis, the experiment,
With as much objective, impartial integrity as can be mustered.
Damn the funding, full inquiry ahead.

67

Why would anyone look to the geocentric,
Ethnocentric, mythological, superstitious rationalizations,
Of mindsets forged thousands of years ago, in ignorance, in fear, in delusion,
Over the verifiable observations of the true scientist.
You, scientist.

75

All the scientists, researchers and scholars,
Out there measuring, categorizing, graphing everything they possibly can,
With whatever technologies they can muster.
To what end?

94

The superstitious mind finds the pattern, for which it is in dread looking.
The scientific one, the answer that, after discerning inquiry, stands apparent.

112

Science is a state, a quality of mind,
That examines the truth of anything and everything.
No belief system is required, other than a deep, abiding, verifiable acuity.

127

The sciences, however astute,
Must ever only flail at the windmills,
Of the unknown that permeates all creation.

* * * *

As meticulously as the sciences,
May examine and measure all things manifest,
The rational mind must ever remain ignorant of its irrational origin.

158

True science is not a religion.
It is a quality of mind solely intent on rational,
Dispassionate, impersonal, accurate, lucid, measurable observation,
To whatever conclusion the quest for truth may bring.

166

Science will always be restricted,
By the capacities of the devices doing the measuring,
And the dexterity and intentions, of the minds orchestrating the experiments.

169

Science must focus on small questions, because the big ones have no answer.
And philosophers on the grand scheme, so that they can fall short, as well.

170

Science fiction can journey well beyond any pale,
But the limits of imagination are ever fixed,
By the physics of real-time invention,
And the moths lodged in the given wallet.

180

Science is only as true, as the mind in which it convenes.

205

The nature of the scientific mind is to always be examining everything for oneself.
To accept no assertion that cannot be verified by one's own observation.
Why should sovereignty of the given mind ever be relinquished,
To any haphazard tradition or superstition or dogma?

208

The writer knows what is being written, but what are you reading?
The speaker knows what is being expressed, but is that what you are hearing?
Everything you see and touch and hear and feel and smell, is but a temporal, arbitrary translation,
Of the subjective nature-nurture mind-body, in which the sentience of awareness harbors.
The witness, before which, creation is filtered through the caprice of imagination;
In which observer is never the observed, and observed, never the observer.
True objectivity is an unattainable ideal, an unreachable brass ring,
Which even science can never more than pretend to attain.

245

In all its countless imaginary measurements,
The creation of knowledge is inevitably born of limitation.
Yet, prior to all mind-made limits, the mystic observer, a true scientist,
Remains as equally attentive to the immeasurable now, as s/he would any experiment.
The observer is the observed; the observed, the observer.
There is naught but one.

246

True science is about the never-ending quest,
For the most certainty possible about any given focus.
Which is, of course, all too often handicapped, even paralyzed,
By politics, funding, technology, expertise, competition,
And any number of other itsy-bitsy limitations,
By which all manifestation is ever bound.

257

The sciences can only peer into the hypothetical-theoretical for so long,
Before it all becomes, for-all-practical-purposes, an unknowable abyss,
Which is the word-filled domain of philosophers and mystics and fools

261

It is a regrettably curious thing, the destructive grip that ignorance has upon the world.
Modern sciences obviously tender more accurate, verifiable observations and measurements,
Than the ancients across the planet ever could, in their geocentric, ethnocentric domains.
And yet they, from their graves, rule current times as absurdly as they did their own.

265

A question for the sciences: How small is small? How big is big?
What exactly is ever being measured but the limitations of imagination?

285

Only the true scientist will not sell his soul for ironic funding.

295

A true scientist pursues the truth, no matter the cost.

335

There are the many, whose existence is lived out of obligation, to the arbitrary memes born of time;
And the sporadic few, whose spirits are drawn to the exploration of its mystery.
Not all can be scientists, else there would be no laboratory,
In which wisdom might brew.

340

The ancients called the elements,
Earth, air, water, fire, ether.
Scientists in these times,
Call it the periodic table.
Intuit it, name it, label it, describe it,
Measure it, organize it, in whatever way you will,
It is, has ever been, will ever be, must ever be, the same mystery.

347

Self-discovery is a moment-to-moment process,
As true a scientific inquiry as there could possibly be.

356

What any true scientist,
Must first and foremost be,
Is a seeker of that which is true,
Whatever it is, wherever it may lead.

360

For memes to let loose their rigid grip,
Would require a revolutionary paradigm shift,
Seemingly well beyond the monkey-mind's capacity.
In the eternal struggle between intelligence and ignorance,
It is not rocket science to predict which mindset will rule the future.

378

What hath science and industry and technology and commerce,
Wrought upon this ever-spinning garden world,
And all its innocent residents,
This fine day?

393

Going further than a couple zeros on either side of the decimal point,
Is the abstract realm of theoreticians of one focus or another.
Scientific abstractions, as accurate as they may well be,
Jump through cerebral gymnastics all but meaningless to daily existence,
Wherein consciousness must every moment sound the depths of its own imaginary invention.

405

Every life form on this planet,
Learns to care for itself, or dies.
Much simpler than rocket science.

406

The Jesus-walking-on-water allusion is obviously figurative from a quantum perspective.
And he probably brought the wine and bread, and Lazarus was more than likely not really dead.
Accepting anything literally that you have not for your Self scientifically observed and/or experienced,
Is generally a dubious misstep into the ceaselessly precarious absurdities of any and all delusion.
Hold fast to the rational, the sensible, the balanced, the coherent, the logical, the realistic.

411

Any earnest scientist inevitably discerns that the observer is the observed.
Measurement can only go so far, before it evaporates in the limits of imagination,
The pale beyond which, the eternal immeasurability, is forever unknowable.

414

How can infinity be measured?
Science is bound by its limitations.

421

Scientific Method … noun … a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

1) Define the question
2) Gather information and resources (observe)
3) Form hypothesis
4) Perform experiment and collect data
5) Analyze data
6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
7) Publish results
8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

430

Alas for the sciences that they shall never discern,
The very first moment consciousness,
Separated from Eden.

434

Earnest science is the most enlightening way,
Of examining this immense mystery;
Call it whatever you will.

452

The mind is the immeasurable playground of quantum imagination.
All history, all science, all art, all vocation, all trivia, all anything,
Is but a perpetual dance in a matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

458

The true scientist, the true historian, the true anything,
Never gives up questing as accurate a rendering,
As their swirl of consciousness can muster.

468

What are you, but,
A historical collage,
An economic statistic,
An anthropological result,
A psychological adaptation,
A sociological paradigm,
A scientific curiosity.

473

How big is big? How small is small?
Scientists, mathematicians, and other bean counters,
Always adding zeroes to every end,
To what end?

* * * *

Science that does not flow with nature is not science.
Science that manipulates nature to unnatural ends is not science.
Science that generates mayhem and destruction upon the garden is not science.

481

All religion, all science, all technology, are proving to be ultimately nonsensical.
What is the point, the raison d'être of all this knowledge, really,
If it only ends up in mayhem and annihilation?

* * * *

There are far too many variables unleashed,
To be scientifically certain of anything, really.
A statistical sample is about as good as it gets.

494

At some point on some day after some tomorrow,
Consciousness, as humankind has portrayed it, will simply disappear.
And on and on the abiding earth will whirl, until the cosmic dominos fall, however they will.
And more likely than not, despite all science fiction to the contrary,
No alien species will ever come across all the residue,
Of our relatively transitory tenure.

499

Why investigate and corroborate anything and everything to your satisfaction?
Because you are a scientist, and resolute, exacting reflection, is first and foremost.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Leftovers

The scientific mind is ever observing,
Ever exploring everything in every way imaginable.
True science transcends all boundaries.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but the mind's most innate high,
A very present, very pleasurable detonation in the timeless now.
A disintegration, a dissolution, of any sense of self, of any sense of separation.
Is it any wonder our species gallops the edge of obsession about everything to do with it?
Sexuality is the wellspring, the underlying force, the fulcrum of human history.
Power, renown, prosperity, the creativity of art, science, technology,
All have come about as aphrodisiacs to its gratification.
And all of it the evolutionary outcome
Of the genomic ambition to abide evermore.

* * * *

Science and technology stand on the shoulders of all those who have come before.
Turtles all the way down, and all the way up, too, for as long as the dream plays out.

* * * *

A question for the scientist who harbors in any inquisitive mind,
Has a hypothesis to spare, and inclination for observation within and without:
Is creativity, is consciousness, enhanced by oxygen deprivation
Born of the many tensions born of suffering?
Is something so simple root cause to so much passion?

* * * *

What is any authentic scientist but one who feels beckoned
To explore his fleeting patch of dreamtime to an nth degree.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain
When funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

If this indivisible mystery is indeed formless, boundlessly infinite,
What are all the scientists, mathematicians, linguists,
And other conspirators of the mind to do?

* * * *

There is a limit to all the finite pretenses of knowledge.
The unknowable must forever remain unknown.
Science, despite all its heady determination,

Can only claw away so much at the quantum mist.

* * * *

Pure observation without measurement, pure awareness without movement,
Without ripple, without wake, without time, without space,
Is not that the highest form of science?
Is not that the way to discern the reality of the eternal
Within and without the within and without that has never really existed?

* * * *

Desire and fear have been dynamic, intertwined forces in the human spectacle.
What is it to be without desire, without fear, and is the mind even capable of it?
Needs research; every scientist his/her own experiment, his/her own laboratory.

* * * *

What is always ironically droll is how the scientists measure,
And measure and measure, again and again, and nothing really changes.
What futility to believe our egocentric genus will ever evolve beyond its paradigm.
Imagine the vast collection of books and videos and photos and graphs and … and … and ...
That the aliens will discover in the scar tissue of this garden when they finally arrive.
Or maybe they already are here, watching us play out our narcissistic game.

* * * *

It is hard to fathom that rational scientific method does not reign across the board,
That superstition, mythology, make-believe, idolatry, dogma, fanaticism,
Still have such an enduring foothold in the human psyche.

* * * *

This dreamtime offers any educated mind incalculable ways to discern, to filter, this quantum theater.
Historian, scientist, mathematician, philosopher, anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
And on and on and on for minds born with the grit and gumption to learn.

* * * *

Everyone would do well to challenge, to confront, their imaginary deities,
Their superstitions, their fallacies, their delusions, and whatever other dreads,
At least once and awhile to find out if anything noteworthy really happens.
Take a scientific approach rather than be some meme-ridden puppet.

* * * *

You must investigate existence for your Self.
All the words in the cosmos will not magic-carpet you there.
It is a scientific experiment that must be replicated by all, very much alone.

* * * *

Were the so-called seers and mystics and prophets in ancient times and places, early scientists?
Or merely charlatans taking advantage of fearful, gullible flocks for their own ends?
Any answers are but assertions of one unverifiable speculation or another,
But of the muddled, tangled histories played out since, we can be much more sure.

* * * *

What is it little old you discerns in this theater into which you have without choice been cast?
Without all the countless devices we toolmakers have devised to measure our universe,
Without all the sciences, without all the mathematics, without all the technologies,
Without all the things the monkey-mind will do to quantify to the nth degree,
What is it you for your Self alone intuit, you for your Self alone deduct,
What is it you for your Self, without any influence from any other,
Discern real and true in this immeasurable enigma beyond all pales?

* * * *

The mystery is prior to all thought, prior to all knowledge, prior to all emotion, prior to all passion,
Prior to all language, all science, all math, all music, all everything ignited by consciousness.
It is the primal awareness from which the unknowable bursts into timeless creation.

* * * *

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

* * * *

If those who advocate rationalism are earnestly rational, earnestly scientific, earnestly detached,
They will not approach any investigation with assumption or emotion or arrogance.
In other words, they will not be as irrational, as illogical, as passionate,
As those they so often astutely and smugly and vainly judge.
Otherwise, it is just the same old monkey-mind
On yet another rose-colored day.

* * * *

Science and politics are mutually-exclusive dynamics.
To politicize science is an absolute absurdity foisted
By blatant obfuscation of its point and purpose.

* * * *

Just because some scientist, some mathematician, some engineer,
Has not figured out a way to measure something
Does not mean it is not there.

* * * *

Science is a meticulous, disciplined means
To examine anything and everything very closely.
It is not a religion, it is not an authority, it is not absolute.

* * * *

The sciences have a sizable array of tools to explore the mystery,
But ultimately are only as discerning as the mind
In which the data is pondered.

* * * *

To think critically is to accept nothing at face value.
It is a scientific mindset that examines anything and everything,
To whatever degree insight and aptitude and technology and nuance allow.

* * * *

Why should you, would you, ever blindly believe what you cannot discern for your Self?
Why accept another's assertion if no convincing, tangible evidence is available?
You, scientist, have the right, the obligation, to explore any hypothesis,
Without unwarranted pressure from any individual or group.

* * * *

The many branches of science, whether natural or social,
Are all founded on the study of the nothingness of stardust.

* * * *

A mind slathered in superstition is a mind born of groundless, irrational, illogical dread.
The scientific mind is a courageous mind bent on rational investigation
As far as the theater of quantum mind and body allow.

* * * *

Humankind is the alien species on this spinning world,
Acting out as terrifying a Twilight Zone screenplay
As any science fiction writer could ever conceive.
Pity all the beasts who have suffered our rise.

* * * *

Science can never measure more than the kaleidoscoping veil of the electromagnetic spectrum.
The immeasurable is immeasurable, no matter how intricate the veneer technology might weave.

* * * *

Scientists are explorers of the mysterious unknown, of the perpetual enigma,
Using ever-evolving technology to fathom beyond the limits of the sensory panorama,
Yet restricted all the while, by the conditioned mind through which they perceive,
Through which they futilely measure but a veil of that which is immeasurable.

* * * *

Despite its innumerable strengths in the quest for ultimate truths,
The scientific mind is ever-hampered by its own mortal limitations.

Soundbites

It is the nature of science to inquire into everything for as long as everything is.

* * * *

What we call regular life is really science fiction of the first order.

* * * *

Why should you ever blindly accept anything you cannot for your Self scientifically verify?

* * * *

What certainty can science ever attain in an infinity of variables?

* * * *

The limits of science are the limits of mind.

* * * *

A well-rounded, science-based, agnostic education makes for intellectual sobriety.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain when funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

The scientific mind is ever-watchful, prone to questions without conclusion.

* * * *

Yet another statistic in science's long and endless trudge into oblivion.

* * * *

Allowing funding to politicize science, well, that is just plain wrong from any get-go.

* * * *

Scientist that you every moment are, you are first and foremost your own experiment.

* * * *

The limits of science are the certainties of its hypotheses and the absolutes of its theories.

* * * *

Propaganda is not a function of science.

* * * *

Science is ultimately nothing more than the observation and measurement of illusion.

* * * *

The scientific mind is a mind exploring reality for its Self.

* * * *

Where is science when there is nothing to observe, when there is nothing to measure?

* * * *

No matter how resolute, science is ultimately limited by the doors of human perception.

Breadcrumbs

I do not say there are not ghosts or aliens or dragons or elves or dwarves or vampires
Or sasquatches or unicorns or tooth fairies or angels or whatever or whatever,
But I must discern them with my own eyes, my own ears, my own mind,
Or the minds of others, who I perceive harbor a taste for truth.
I am too much of a scientist, too much of an agnostic,
To accept anything that cannot be verified.

* * * *

I am every filter the capacities and limitations of this mind will allow into its frame of reference:
Philosopher, scientist, historian, anthropologist, psychologist, sociologist,
Politician, warrior, and on and on the list daily grows.

* * * *

We cannot all be rocket scientists.
Most of us are plebian in our exertions.
I, for one, was a tolerably adept forklift driver,
And could occasionally let fly a pitiless water balloon,
Long before the body and mind gave way to time.

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Better here than a lab rat for science

Standout Duplicates from "The Return to Wonder"

Chapter One

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind
To discover the original nature that abides within all dreams great to small.

Chapter Five

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.
You will find the results duplicate the many experiments
Throughout humanity's evolution in consciousness.

Chapter Eight

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered
What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

Chapter Fourteen

The complexities of science are ever in the eye of the beholder.

Chapter Fifteen

Science as so many discern it is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

If you understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that you are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

Chapter Sixteen

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

Leftovers Added to "The Return to Wonder"

(Transferred to fill out the diminished ten-page blocks during the very gradual edit underway since September 2015)

Chapter Fourteen

If something is true, it can be verified by many eyes.
Subjective assertions are not the harbor of science.

Leftovers and Soundbites
Transferred to "The Return to Wonder"
from "Breadcrumbs 2019" and All Future Times Beyond

Chapter 252

True science is not a political subject.

* * * *

You, scientist.

Chapter 258

True science is an unblinking, unwavering, unallied eye.

* * * *

What true scientist is not also a philosopher?

Chapter 260

Science is only as potent as eye and technology allow.

Chapter 269

Science is only as clear as the mind wielding the technology.

Chapter 270

What has science become but the cataloging of unending minutia.

Chapter 275

True science has no agenda but truth.

Leftovers and Soundbites Transferred
to "The Return to Wonder" from "Breadcrumbs 2018"

Chapter 283

Objectivity is a myth to which science subscribes, but can never grasp.

You, Scientist

Trust your Self.
Trust your own mind.
Trust your own awareness.
Trust your own perception.
Trust your own intuition.
Find your own way,
You, scientist.

Breadcrumbs 2015

Breadcrumbs 2018

Leftovers

What has science become but the cataloging of unending, mind-numbing minutia.
How far can it go before all its technologies finally leave it with nothing to grasp.

* * * *

The scientists have all their hypotheses and theories.
The mathematicians have all their definitions, axioms, theorems, and proofs.
The philosophers have all their rational arguments, and the meditators have all their zafus and walls,
And all, in the final analysis, find themselves roaming about the same diddly-squat.

* * * *

What many do not seem to grasp about the evolution of medicine
Is that participating in any medical procedure, taking any medication,
Means they are essentially participating in the ongoing research as lab rats.
That the outcome contributes to the never-ending statistical progression of science.
And comprehend it or not, like it or not, not participating the experiment,
Is, in its own contrary way, also contributing to the experiment.

* * * *

Despite all the zeroes to which scientists and engineers subscribe,
Only illusions that quantum allows to be measured are measurable.

* * * *

Science allows much greater breadth and depth than any other belief system,
And in its purest methodology, has no creed, no dogma, but never-ending investigation.
To settle for less is to settle for the ceaseless inanities of endless delusions
Harbored by those incapable of embracing the gray.

* * * *

How can a dream, as tangible, as substantial as it may seem, ever be measured?
Even science, incisive as it for all practical purposes appears to be,
Is ultimately little more than another fallacious creed.
The mystery is the mystery is the mystery,
Eternally inscrutable,
No matter how penetrating the mind.

* * * *

Does not the study of physics and all the other sciences
Make it more than obvious what you truly are, and are not?

* * * *

Politicized science is not bona fide science,
And true science that is not heeded,
Is but an empty paycheck.

* * * *

Science is the investigation of anything and everything
To whatever degree mind and technology allow.
It is a never-ending process with an ever-expanding scope.
The challenge for any given scientist is to keep the pie whole all the while.

* * * *

One experiment determines one thing,
Another concludes something entirely different.
Sometimes it takes scientists awhile to fathom the details,
Which causes no end of vexation to those seeking simple answers.

* * * *

Science.
More science.
Even more science.

Soundbites

Science is only as clear as the mind wielding the technology.

* * * *

What has science become but the cataloging of unending minutia.

* * * *

True science has no agenda but truth.

* * * *

The joy of science is making black and white, gray, and gray, black and white.

* * * *

Science, more science, even more science.

Breadcrumbs

The ultimate vision a scientific mind has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2019

Leftovers

Why is knowledge, why is anything born of the Ivory Tower
– Science, mathematics, history, et cetera ad infinitum –
Any less imaginary than Alice in Wonderland?
All consciousness is but the thunder and lightning of mind.

* * * *

Even at its best, science has a great deal of arbitrariness in its process.
Who asked the question? Who designed the experiment? What was its hypothesis?
Who funded the experiment? Who did the experiment? What equipment and technology were used?
Who interpreted the results? Who published the results? Who duplicated the experiment?
And whatever on-and-on and in-between in the theater of rational exploration.

* * * *

The sciences have obliquely pointed out over and over, many ways, many times,
That the senses are but evolutionary, neurological creations, weavers of the mind's theater.
How long before the transcendental reality becomes clear beyond doubt,
And awareness reasserts its rightful sovereignty,
Over the conditioned usurper born of imaginary design.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence may be programmed to learn, to achieve great heights,
But will it not always be learning through the human mind that devised the code?
As with space travel, it is only through science fiction that any sentience will be achieved.

* * * *

How far will science explore from the smallest small to the largest large
Before it becomes glaringly apparent that it is all ultimately nothing at all.
That all that measuring, all that nomenclature, all that scholarly pursuit,
Has really never been more than the mind’s reluctance to remain still.

* * * *

Scientific method is the most exact means humankind has yet devised
To measure, to examine, the parameters of this manifest quantum dimension.
If there are other dimensions in this intrepid electromagnetic spectrum,
No doubt any intelligence is exploring it as thoroughly as possible
Through whatever ways and means circumstance allows.

* * * *

If you must believe in something, believe in nature,
And draw on science to explore its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

The philosophers scrutinize with their language.

The scientists and mathematicians with their facts and figures.
All dispatching imperative thoughts and conclusion upon every this, every that,
To the awareness, the anonymity, the obscurity, the spaciousness, the timelessness, the stillness,
The wakefulness that witnesses all eternity with equally immeasurable detachment.

* * * *

What is this human drive, this obsession, for there to be a point to it all?
What is so challenging for so many about not having an explanation for something,
That every stratagem from superstition to science is used to engineer one account or another.

* * * *

Alas that a sizable number of two-leggeds in this world
Are not capable of the critical thinking required of a scientific mind.
Much easier to be naïve, to be credulous, to be superstitious.

* * * *

Science is intuition supported by experiments, by measurements, that can be duplicated.
Intuition alone, well, that is the matter of mystics sitting in ashrams staring at walls,
And unassuming observers singing around campfires drinking whisky and wine.
And occasionally scientists on wanders musing with nary a gadget in hand.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum is a mighty huge, relatively unknowable mystery,
Despite all scientific and mathematical and religious and philosophical and mystical
And every other subjective and piecemeal investigation and assumption to the contrary.

Soundbites

The science fiction that is no longer fiction.

* * * *

Natural science, biology, chemistry, physics, all one in the same, slicing the pie with different lenses.

* * * *

For there to be good science, there must first be a good question.

* * * *

Are science and technology and art any more than by-products of politics and war?

* * * *

The closest humankind will ever get to space travel is through science fiction.

* * * *

Science will never usurp superstition.

* * * *

Science just keeps chugging up the mountain that technology built.

* * * *

Without science, superstition and malarkey.

Breadcrumbs

I am a scientist in a most desultory way.

Breadcrumbs 2020

Leftovers

Imagination is the creator of everything.
The cosmic universe, the world,
All things sentient, all things inanimate,
All cultures, all languages, all deities, all dogmas,
All histories, all sciences, all mathematics, all music, all art,
All industries, all technologies, all measurements, all space, all time.
Every illusion, every vanity, every everything, under any and every given sun.
All nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Science is the never-ending exploration of nature in all its grandeur.
Any conclusion that is not open to question sullies its primary directive.
Despite the fact that existence is an illusion, that it is naught but a dream,
Science offers the most reliable, accurate watchtower imagination can offer.

* * * *

No matter that it be alleged fact or fantastical fiction, all thinkers, all writers, all actors,
All historians, all scientists, all mathematicians, all engineers, all electricians,
All architects, all carpenters, all chefs, all tailors, all cobblers,
All inventors, all producers, all originators,
All creators of every variety, every scope, are storytellers.

* * * *

Observer, seer, visionary, soothsayer, oracle, prophet, prognosticator,
Diviner, fortune teller, augur, crystal gazer, clairvoyant,
Psychic, medium, sibyl, forecaster, scientist.
All witnesses to the same mystery of their own persuasion.

* * * *

The origin of any scientific experiment is chock-full of speculative possibilities.
The difference between it and superstition is every attempt to weed out all fallacy.

* * * *

How is it all the folks who so convincingly proclaim their presence,
Are never able to offer verifiable scientific proof of all their deities and aliens,
Much less anything more than folklore about how they came to exist in the first place.

Soundbites

All history, as scientifically as it might be sorted, boils down to scholarly speculation and story-telling.

* * * *

Science has no bounds, but the caution of common sense.

* * * *

Science that defies nature, that manipulates nature, is not good science.

* * * *

Science can only go so far before philosophy must wrest away the baton.

Breadcrumbs 2021

Leftovers

It is a mysterious mystery.
It is an absolute mystery.
It is an immeasurable mystery.
It is an immaculate mystery.
It is a sovereign mystery.
It is an indelible mystery.
It is an unadulterated mystery.
It is an indivisible mystery.
It is an inexplicable mystery.
It is an ultimate mystery.
It is an unknowable mystery.
It is a timeless mystery.
It is a quintessential mystery.
It is a spaceless mystery.
It is an imperishable mystery.
It is an unfathomable mystery.
It is a pristine mystery.
It is an indecipherable mystery.
It is a seamless mystery.
It is an interminable mystery.
It is a baffling mystery.
It is an unmitigated mystery.
It is an unspoiled mystery.
It is an impeccable mystery.
It is an enigmatic mystery.
It is an inconceivable mystery.
It is an untainted mystery.
It is an ineffable mystery.
It is an inscrutable mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is an impenetrable mystery.
It is an ideal mystery.
It is a flawless mystery.
It is an unborn mystery.
It is an undying mystery.
It is an eternal mystery.
It is an unparalleled mystery.
It is a supreme mystery.
It is an architype mystery.
It is a superlative mystery.
It is an unavoidable mystery.
It is a creative mystery.

It is a destructive mystery.
It is an inventive mystery.
It is an imaginative mystery.
It is an unprecedented mystery.
It is a singular mystery.
It is a spectacular mystery.
It is an unusual mystery.
It is a novel mystery.
It is an innovative mystery.
It is a spontaneous mystery.
It is a kaleidoscoping mystery.
It is a unique mystery.
It is a paradigm mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is a adamant mystery.
It is a metaphorical mystery.
It is an inescapable mystery.
It is an unchangeable mystery.
It is a relentless mystery.
It is an inflexible mystery.
It is an ironic mystery.
It is a paradoxical mystery.
It is a boggling mystery.
It is an unrivaled mystery.
It is an unequaled mystery.
It is an unmatched mystery.
It is an unsurpassed mystery.
It is a special mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is a brilliant mystery.
It is an inexorable mystery.
It is an exclusive mystery.
It is an incomprehensible mystery.
It is a distinctive mystery.
It is an exceptional mystery.
It is an inimitable mystery.
It is a matchless mystery.
It is a one-off mystery.
It is an outstanding mystery.
It is an irreplaceable mystery.
It is a hypothetical mystery.
It is a theoretical mystery.
It is an implausible mystery.
It is a surreptitious mystery.
It is an unsolvable mystery.
It is a cryptic mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an extraordinary mystery.

It is a profound mystery.
It is a ruthless mystery.
It is a perplexing mystery.
It is a complex mystery.
It is an incomparable mystery.
It is a peculiar mystery.
It is a weird mystery.
It is an audacious mystery.
It is a cagey mystery.
It is a fearless mystery.
It is an intrepid mystery.
It is a courageous mystery.
It is a puzzling mystery.
It is an obscure mystery.
It is a hidden mystery.
It is an ambiguous mystery.
It is an abyss mystery.
It is an empty mystery.
It is an obtuse mystery.
It is a vacuous mystery.
It is a streaming mystery.
It is a bottomless mystery.
It is a shrewd mystery.
It is a perceptive mystery.
It is a wise mystery.
It is a judicious mystery.
It is an incisive mystery.
It is an intelligent mystery.
It is a sensible mystery.
It is a never-ending mystery.
It is a limitless mystery.
It is a boundless mystery.
It is an effortless mystery.
It is an unpretentious mystery.
It is an artless mystery.
It is an inherent mystery.
It is an actual mystery.
It is a predictable mystery.
It is a foolish mystery.
It is an instinctive mystery.
It is a hollow mystery.
It is a vague mystery.
It is a vibrating mystery.
It is a pointless mystery.
It is a hard-hearted mystery.
It is a methodical mystery.
It is an oscillating mystery.
It is a quantum mystery.

It is a scientific mystery.
It is a logical mystery.
It is a precise mystery.
It is a detached mystery.
It is a forthright mystery.
It is a natural mystery.
It is an exact mystery.
It is a systematic mystery.
It is a complete mystery.
It is a definitive mystery.
It is a state-of-the-art mystery.
It is a true mystery.
It is an implacable mystery.
It is a merciless mystery.
It is an unbending mystery.
It is a callous mystery.
It is an abundant mystery.
It is an everything mystery.
It is an unbreakable mystery.
It is an immortal mystery.
It is a ground mystery.
It is a demanding mystery.
It is a meticulous mystery.
It is a holographic mystery.
It is a matrix mystery.
It is a patternless mystery.
It is an arcane mystery.
It is an esoteric mystery.
It is an untraceable mystery.
It is a pathless mystery.
It is an indescribable mystery.
It is a majestic mystery.
It is a nothing mystery.
It is a fastidious mystery.
It is an unexplainable mystery.
It is an unyielding mystery.
It is an infinite mystery.
It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

* * * *

Writers write, pundits speculate, scientists inquire,
Every conceivably possible much ado about nothing.

* * * *

So many ways to view history:

First that come to mind: politics, economics,
Science, culture, language, art, music, architecture, war …
But one onscreen academic source has come up with twelve branches:
Military history, history of religion, social history, cultural history, diplomatic history,
Economic history, environmental history, world history, universal history,
Intellectual history, gender history and public history.

* * * *

The imaginary you, believes you exist, that you were born, that you will one day die.
That time, that space, are real, that the mind and senses distinguish the universe.
That the rise of humankind and all its civilizations, all its countless creations,
Is somehow ordained by deities on high, machinating with demons below.
And if not that, perhaps some grand, all-encompassing, scientific theory.
Or perhaps the artless nature of the fool too oblivious to even question.
Wake up, wake up, wherever you are, it is but illusion, you, its mystery.

* * * *

No matter the migratory path across the globe,
The human paradigm is about stories in all their many different forms.
Call them whatever you will: histories, accounts, chronicles, parables, narratives, folklores, legends,
Myths, sagas, fables, fairytales, tall tales, fish stories, jokes, puns, yarns, anecdotes, witticisms,
Memoirs, journals, diaries, records, annuls, aphorisms, descriptions, maxims, proverbs.
Whether fictional or non-fictional, whether prose, poetry, drama, or some hybrid.
No matter the genre: literary fiction, historical, mystery, magical realism,
Thriller, fantasy, horror, romance, science fiction, bildungsroman,
Dystopian, western, speculative fiction, or realist literature,
Or some other slice and dice of the mind-built pie,
The storytellers sculpt our world, our epoch,
Into whatever form imagination allows.

* * * *

All the histories, all the sciences, all the mathematics,
All the liberal studies, all the arts, all the music, all the whatever,
Are naught but the living-dying of imagination imagining.
Awareness is the unborn-undying witness to all.

* * * *

Science, philosophy, religion, spirituality, belief, superstition,
Dogma, worship, exaltation, glorification, adulation, conviction, respect,
Idolization, praise, veneration, reverence, devotion, ceremony, sacrament, adoration,
Commandment, law, creed, canon, doctrine, principle, theory, code, rule, ritual, formula, model,
Speculation, conjecture, estimation, inference, intuition, fantasy, guess, notion …
What use does awareness have, what use does the moment have,
For any arbitrary invention of consciousness?

* * * *

To cease cloaking awareness with time and space and its ever-kaleidoscoping quantum attributes,
Is a conceptual awakening that humanity is having considerable difficulty achieving.

Even in light of the vast amount of scientific evidence to the contrary,
Lethargic minds are substantially more suited to superstition and absurdity.
Peering behind the mask of the many-faced mystery is a task to which few are called.

Soundbites

The vanity of science is believing all its measurements count for something.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian? The last scientist? The last mathematician? The last anything?

* * * *

Do the science.

* * * *

Scientists measure, philosophers describe, monks meditate, so many ways to explore the mystery.

* * * *

True science must withstand the influence of politics and funding.

* * * *

Superstition is a mainstay of the human paradigm, in the face of which science is powerless.

The Mystery of the Mystery

It is a mysterious mystery.
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It is a bona fide mystery.
It is a mysterious mystery.

It is … a mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2022

Leftovers

All human stages, all human endeavors, all human theatrics, no matter the time, no matter the place,
Be they scientific, mathematical, architectural, martial, philosophical, religious, mystical,
Commercial, engineering, manufacturing, craftsmanship, competitive, domestic,
Cultural, artistic, musical, dance, or literature in all its abundant arrays,
Have as their origin, the ever-enticing filament of imagination.
The entire human paradigm is its unrelenting handiwork.
The only freedom, for those rare few who seek it,
Is a mind given over to absolute awareness,
A mind given over to the tranquility of no-mind,
A mind given over to the equanimity of an eternal life.

* * * *

The unifying principal is not some word, some equation, some symbol, some sound, some anything.
It is You, You alone, this one-and-only timeless moment, that has ever been, will ever be.
It is the You that is the unadulterated awareness, the tabula rasa, the perpetuity,
The omniscient-omnipotent-omnipresent eternity within and without all.

* * * *

For extra-terrestrials to reach our doorstep, however they might make their way across the vast expanses,
Would require that the ineffable mystery, somehow craft like evolutions on other garden worlds.
The number-crunchers fill their time with every sort of calculation of such possibilities,
But the actuality of such, has thus far never come to pass in any scientifically observable way.
Meanwhile, storytellers in this garden, are cauldrons, fueling imagination's every imaginable whimsy.

* * * *

True science does no harm.
We would not understand as much,
We would not have all the luxuries and toys,
But at least we might still be wandering in the garden.
Assuming, of course, we ceased breeding so much, so absurdly.
But is it possible for any cancer to stop before it kills its host and benefactor?
In the race for survival, who do you think is going win?
Hint: The garden always wins.

* * * *

For the up and coming, saturated in every conceivable technology,
Intelligence, wit, cunning, ingenuity, shrewdness, talent, skill, adeptness,
Are going to be far less the issue, than entitlement and work ethic and slothfulness.
Believing one deserves it all, without having to trudge through the sludge,
Has more than likely never been a successful survival strategy.
Darwin and Malthus are shaking their dusty heads.

* * * *

Can the currents of quantum ever cease?
Can the universe ever collapse back into nothing?
Are questions philosopher-mystic-seers might contemplate,
And perhaps a collection of scientific and engineering sorts, as well.

* * * *

A Short List of Modern Entitlements
(Not necessarily in order of importance)

Food and drink
Security
Running water
Septic systems
Garbage collection
Retirement homes
Pensions
Social security
Disability
Unemployment
Welfare
Satellites
Building codes
Electricity
Weights and measures
Oil
Glass
Metals
Plastics
Clothing
Ovens
Refrigeration
Air conditioning
Heating
Air filtration
Financial systems
Education
Science
Technology
Military services
Police services
Fire services
Health services
Doctors
Nurses
Paramedics
Hosptials
Ambulances
Medications

Dentists
Jails and prisons
Bars and nightclubs
Coffee shops
Service organizations
Religious organizations
Insurance
Computers
Phones
Mobile phones
Televisions
Internet
Wi-Fi
Touch screens
Casinos
Bluetooth
Streaming
Online banking
Online gaming
Lightbulbs
Batteries
Vehicles
Lotteries
Scratchers
Showers and bathtubs
Roads and freeway
Sidewalks
Stop lights
Streetlamps
Retail outlets
Restaurants
Bicycles
Public transport
Water drainage
Inventions
Tools
Weapons
Architecture
Building codes
Building materials
Toys
Games
Debt
Machines
Democracy
Rule of Law
Monetary system
Graphics

Fans
Media
Music
Software
Algorithms
Consumables
Office supplies
Toilets and urinals
Kitchen utensils

And who knows how long a more detailed list would be?

* * * *

Do the engineering.
Do the architecture.
Do the language.
Do the science.
Do the math.
Do the art.
Do the music.
Do the history.
Do the athletics.
Do the humanities.
Do the good, the bad.
Do whatever you please,
The same mystery is in all.

* * * *

Some may truly believe they can rhetorically, pretentiously, irreverently, debate the sciences,
But they cannot debate the quantum physics upon which true science is founded,
Upon which the indivisible nature is codified in every particle,
Across all whatever this mystery is, and is not.
The true law is not man-made, and those who violate true law –
Or their progeny, their tribe, their world, their cosmos – will suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Science has had quite a long slog wandering the helter-skelter of absurdity,
Of ignorance and superstition and tradition, bound together in imaginary minds.

* * * *

Yes, even though it is very astute, very exacting, very prolific,
And more spot-on accurate, than imagination has heretofore managed,
Even science, in all its illusion-bound glory, is ultimately just more babble-on.

* * * *

Science must eventually fall on its sword,
Because it can only explore the kaleidoscoping quantum illusion.
The mystery, that which pervades all, that which is prior and beyond, is the realm of philosophy.

And even philosophers, must eventually still their loquacious intellects,
If they discern the wit and will to abandon all absurdity,
And melt into the timeless awareness.

* * * *

Is there really, truly, anything that you have ever witnessed,
That cannot be explained through lucid, rational, scientific thinking?
A serious question, that does not align, in any way, with the underlying reality,
That this whole dreamtime mystery theater, is as irrational and absurd and astounding,
And ineffable, beyond any speculation, that any illusionary-delusionary mind, has ever babbled.

* * * *

Science's Big Bang Theory is about as meaningful for the layperson,
As any creation mythology is, from any tradition, from any time, from any geography.
All those who claim to know what this unfathomable mystery is about, are all only pretenders pretending.
The mystery is a mystery is a mystery is a mystery, and will forever remain a mystery,
In any and all forever-mores, that will ever be, forever more-ing.

* * * *

It is all illusion, it is all imaginary, and every variety of delusion carries many a mind to far distant shores.
All the measurements, all the observations, all the calculations, all the designs,
Are ultimately really nothing more than trivial pursuit.
All minds churn and churn,
And some minds crave more than sports and soap operas.
Ergo, science, mathematics, engineering, architecture, economics, philosophy, ad infinitum.

* * * *

Science becomes as meaningless as any superstitious, mythological narrative,
Once you look for your Self, and discern the imaginary context of all perspectives.

* * * *

Perhaps all the bacteria in that Petri dish, is carrying on just like us.
Perhaps we are being watched through a microscope by a scientist in some laboratory,
In the next turtle up universe in the turtles-up-turtles-down of more universes than numbers have access.
Unleash your mind upon the near-infinity of possibilities, if you have the wit and inclination.

* * * *

How is it that this world, this cosmos, is not already beyond-all-pales magical,
Without so many glossing it over with every variety of superstition and fantasy?
How is it that a scientific approach has not entirely abolished all fallacious claims,
With a vision so much more expansive, than any parts can but begin to imagine?

* * * *

Reality is only as real as you imagine it.
Space is only as real as you imagine it.
Time is only as real as you imagine it.
History is only as real as you imagine it.
Science is only as real as you imagine it.

Mathematics is only as real as you imagine it.
Music is only as real as you imagine it.
Art is only as real as you imagine it.
Philosophy is only as real as you imagine it.
Industry is only as real as you imagine it.
Technology is only as real as you imagine it.
Architecture is only as real as you imagine it.
Existence is only as real as you imagine it.
Stuff is only as real as you imagine it.
Other is only as real as you imagine it.
Nature is only as real as you imagine it.
Gaia is only as real as you imagine it.
Genesis is only as real as you imagine it.
Dreamtime is only as real as you imagine it.
Everything is only as real as you imagine it.
God is only as real as you imagine it.
Awareness is only as real as you imagine it.
Self is only as real as you imagine it.
You are only as real as you imagine it.

* * * *

How boggling that the human species,
Despite all the science, despite all the technology,
Still imagines itself in any way separate from the mystery it is.

* * * *

To lionize the sciences unconditionally,
Is to underplay its partnership with vanity and greed.
At what point does the point of diminishing returns become obvious?
Kind of like demolishing your house, and counting and measuring all the splinters.

* * * *

The sciences, the mathematics, the technologies, and all the other intellectual pursuits,
Have investigated anything and everything to unimaginable heights and depths,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since surpassed.
When will we finally discern the meaninglessness, the absurdity,
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

Whether words are scientific or philosophical,
None have any influence over truth, any control of truth.
It is only vanity that stokes any arguments about the way it is, and is not.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, imagination,
That it can devise industry and technology to such a degree.
What would it do, were it to have unlimited resources and a wormhole garbage disposal?

* * * *

Scientists will likely whirl and twirl with the mystery for the rest of time,
But they will always end up at the same impenetrable dead end,
As mystics, across all times, across all geographies.
The mystery will ever remain a mystery.
All any can ever do, is be it.

* * * *

The world only appears flat because it is large enough to disguise, to camouflage, its spherical reality.
Science has used industry and technology to look, to explore, beyond anything the senses can sense.
Science-deniers daily prove that intelligence is not a given when it comes to being a human being.

* * * *

What can anyone really know of the so many unanswerable questions?
Science has examined everything to the nth degree, and still they remain inscrutable.
Every moment is the exact same mystery it has always been, the exact same mystery it will ever be.
Anyone enticing you with some esoteric morsel is talking through their hat.
Best check your wallet as you quickly back away.

* * * *

On either side of the decimal, the ultimate truth of science,
Is always just one more zero past the far distant shores.

* * * *

Science does not have the will, the mojo, the power, to displace superstition with rationality.
It requires too much exertion for minds not bent towards critical thinking and wisdom.
So, irrationality and absurdity and insanity still rule great portions of the planet,
Lock-stepping to the genomic sequencing evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Where would humankind be without all the scientists, all the engineers,
All the mathematicians, all the inventors, all the architects, all the tradesmen,
Who have all together designed and built and repaired this world of entitlement?
This garden orb of exponentially accelerating absurdity that we all so take for granted.
Being top-dog-kings-of-the-dust ball will not mean much if there is no world left
To blithely, foolishly, with little hesitation, abuse and neglect and destroy.
So, thank those engineers and all their compatriots for their service,
And prepare for the reality, that what goes up, will come down.

* * * *

Whether your view is founded on scientific inquiry or magical thinking,
You may well believe you know something of this dreamtime's beginning,
But rest assured, you will never, you can never, more than imagine its ending.

* * * *

If there is indeed a deity-on-high, he/she/it,
Might well have long, long ago set all this quantum in motion,
And just like any earnest scientist, is watching the entire dream, to see what comes of it.

No attachment to anything, just pure tabula rasa awareness of everything.
Just like any earnest scientist observing microorganisms
Milling about willy-nilly in a Petri dish.
Ain't speculation fun?

* * * *

A virtuous, pragmatic, wisdom-based approach to science,
Would not have manipulated and destroyed the world and all its creatures,
For the mere procurement of knowledge for knowledge's sake,
Riches for rich's sake, pleasure for pleasure's sake,
Or possessions for possession's sake.

* * * *

Somebody came up with eight types of intelligence:
bodily kinesthetic (body smart)
interpersonal (people smart)
verbal linguistic (word smart)
logical-mathematical (logic smart)
naturalistic (nature smart)
intrapersonal (self smart)
visual-spatial (picture smart)
musical (music smart)

Another collection also lists eight, with slight variations:
mathematical (number smart),
musical (music smart),
linguistic (word smart),
naturalistic (nature smart),
intrapersonal (self smart),
interpersonal (people smart),
body-kinesthetic (body smart),
visual (picture smart)

Another fellow, named Mark Vital, stoked it up to nine:
naturalist (understanding living things and reading nature)
musical (discerning sounds, their pitch, tone, rhythm, and timbre)
logical-mathematical (quantifying things, making hypothesis and proving them)
existential (tackling the questions of why we live, and why we die)
interpersonal (sensing people's feelings and motives)
bodily-kinesthetic (coordinating your mind with your body)
linguistic (finding the right words to express what you mean)
intrapersonal (understanding yourself, what you feel, and what you want)
spatial (visualizing the world in 3D)

Likely many, if not most, fall into at least one of the above categories.

And what sort of intelligence is required to be any other life form, any other earthling,
On this spinning rock some humans call Earth, in a cosmos some call the Universe?

* * * *

From the deepest trenches to the highest reaches that industry and technology are capable,
Another day of poisoning, another day of maiming, all that we can possibly touch,
Using every form of nuclear-chemical-biological interaction imaginable.
Absolute madness and absurdity, on an unfathomable scale.
All innocence suffers the ruthless, brutal wake-up call,
Of the malignant cancer that has spawned upon this garden orb.

* * * *

Where would any scientific experiment be without the first question?
Where would any philosophical inquiry be without the first question?
Where would any religious dogma be without the ten-percent tithing?

* * * *

History, history, history … science, science, science … inventors, inventors, inventors …
That's all we need: more researchers, more scientists, more engineers, more of everything,
Ceaselessly smothering us with more of what got us into this fine mess in the first place.

Soundbites

True science does no harm.

* * * *

Technology is not going to solve the problem it in large part created.

* * * *

All science and mathematics are really doing is measuring illusion.

* * * *

Call it whatever religious or scientific name you will, all were born of the womb of nothingness.

* * * *

What creature is not a guinea pig for science?

* * * *

Science marches on, over the hearts and minds of countless lab rats, of the two-legged variety.

* * * *

Science has finally proven what philosopher-mystic-seers long ago sorted.

* * * *

Science is a story, too, and so are all its other ivory tower cronies.

* * * *

Science is a tune to which too few listen.

* * * *

Science has proven what meditation could only intuit.

* * * *

That is a question for an as yet un-invented technology.

* * * *

Philosophy goes where science cannot.

* * * *

Could it be, the mystery is really just an eccentric scientist of the Hollywood fiction genre?

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion; beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

The march of science is replete with dead and crippled guinea pigs.

* * * *

What better way to serve mankind than to be a guinea pig for science.

* * * *

Science is a never-ending, many-shades-of-gray endeavor.

* * * *

Science has a hard time competing with witlessness.

* * * *

The soul of science is an easy target for corruption.

Breadcrumbs

This entire adult life has been spent observing, imbibing, exploring, inquiring, whatever came to the door;
To very gradually, very unpretentiously, very unintentionally, very scientifically,
With great naïveté, wander into this eternal conclusion.
It is as honest as honest can be.

* * * *

I enjoy science and all the other intellectual pursuits as much as the next Joe Everyman,
But there is a point of diminishing returns we have long since passed.
When will we finally see the meaninglessness
Of the infinity of zeros on either side of the decimal point?

* * * *

The eternal philosopher, historian, anthropologist, scientist, mathematician,
And any other academic arenas this mind was drawn to reconnoiter,
All together, pervade the ever-expanding frame of reference.
So full, so empty, an imaginary destiny plays out.

Breadcrumbs 2023

Under Construction

The Return to Wonder

II

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind
To discover the original nature that abides within all dreams great to small.

V

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.
You will find the results duplicate the many experiments
Throughout humanity's evolution in consciousness.

VIII

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered
What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

XIV

The nuances of science are ever in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

If something is true, it can be verified by many eyes.
Subjective assertions are not the harbor of science.

XV

Science, as so many discern it, is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

If you understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that you are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

XVI

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

XIX

Scientists are currently saying all that is manifest
Came from an atomic point smaller than an electron.
Where exactly do you as an individual personality
Fit when the universe someday closes shop?

XXII

That rational science does not fully accept and embrace
The mystery as its origin proves its incomplete nature.
These thoughts are riddles, paradoxes, reflections,
Designed to chip at your rational mind until it cracks.

XXV

Science has loosed humanity
From the binds of false superstitions,
But its tether binds the mind in a noose of its own.

XXVI

Science has done extremely well at discerning parts, but who glues together the whole?

XXVII

That we require scientific data regarding our negligent impact
Is proof enough that any wisdom and common sense and sanity,
Have been cast aside along with concern for all life's survival.

XXX

That singular moment scientists label the big bang
Is the same creation you experience with any insight.
You are the dreamtime of awareness in manifest form.

XXXIX

Scientists deny their intuition
By declaring subject and object
Exist independent of the observer.

XLIII

A true scientist does not pretend
Separation between subject and object
Is even the most remote possibility.

XLIV

The men of science who deny its intuitive origin
Only delude themselves and the ignorant
Who subscribe without discernment.

* * * *

Scientists and those they so easily sway must realize that science is not absolute.

LI

Civilization has risen and must ultimately decline.
Humanity must inevitably return to its roots,
Despite the dreams of science fiction.

LVII

Scientists need to break apart the universe
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality sanctions no division, for none truly exist.

LVIII

You do not need scientific proof or expertise to point out the obvious.

LXV

Sometimes the scientist in you wants to end it all
Just to discover if there really is anything
Beyond this physical plane.
Does anyone really know anything?
Or are so many merely spouting comfortable lies
Which do no one any real good and only increase the confusion?

LXVII

Put yourself in that cage, that aquarium, that back yard.
Put yourself in the hands of a scientific experiment,
The ripping end of a chainsaw, a shrinking net,
A hunter's gun sight, or a spray of poison.
Empathy brews a world of bedfellows.

* * * *

We are fixated on believing knowledge is the key to everything lucid and sensible.
That science will solve all the problems created by denial of intuitive common sense.

LXVIII

Just because some scientist or researcher or engineer,
Has not figured out a way to measure something,
Does not mean it is not true or does not exist.
If you are here-now, anything is possible.
It is a fairly large theater out there,
And no one can be at all sure
About anything, anywhere, anytime.

LXXI

If these thoughts represent something true,
Any mystic-scientist will realize the same unicity.

LXXIII

Science is the study of limitation.

* * * *

Science infuses great detail in its studies,
But can never truly fathom the mind
Which intuits its every invention.

* * * *

The delusion of science is that you can know everything.

LXXV

At the core of all scientific theory is a huge bag of empty words.

LXXVII

Science alone is not competent enough to lead humanity out of its many creations.

LXXVIII

How much our fellow earthlings have suffered for all our 'scientific' research.
How would we fare if the creatures of this garden orb were to judge us
For the incalculable tortures our war upon nature has inflicted?

LXXIX

Science fiction is fiction no longer fiction.

LXXXII

Only the most savvy scientists ever figure out
They are always going to lag behind
In the quest for knowledge.

* * * *

Science is the creation and study of knowledge.

LXXXIII

Science only sees what it can measure, which can create stuckness in the big picture.

* * * *

By its very nature, science must ever lag behind,
Willfully dragging the ever-increasing weight
Of its insatiable quest for knowledge.

* * * *

Suicide can be considered a scientific experiment.

LXXXIV

How arid and unrewarding the sciences become
When they cannot face the chaotic order of reality.

* * * *

Science is its own form of superstition; just another collusion of illusion.

* * * *

Science is just another finite paradigm, as fallible as any other.

LXXXV

Scientists are really just bean counters in white coats.

LXXXIX

Science is limited by its attachment to measurement.

XCII

Philosophy is the highest science.

XCIV

Science is just another measurable paradigm.

* * * *

Science is methodical in its measuring obsession.

XCVI

Anyone with a scientific inclination just naturally
Scrutinizes the many nuances and vagaries
Of whatever they happen to be doing.

XCVIII

And all the lemming scientists measuring away,
Trying to confirm whether or not a cliff lies ahead.

CI

Being a scientist, for many, seems to bypass the need for personal responsibility.

* * * *

A scientist's greatest delusion is that any measurement is ultimately real.

CII

One wonders if scientists and mathematicians
Truly understand what the word infinity means.

* * * *

Science maintains the veils of make-believe.

CIII

Science says, if it cannot be measured, it does not exist.
Exactly.

CV

Science is not going to save you.

* * * *

The basic key to science, mathematics, technology, and the like,
Is understanding they are built upon arteries of logic.
Once you see their fundamental reasoning,
The mystery becomes apparent.

CXIII

Western industrial, technological, scientific thinking
Has infected the rest of the world to such a degree
That the result can only be disaster and mayhem.

CXVI

How many times in its brief history has the church we call science
Proven itself to be just as dogmatic and narrow-minded
As what Galileo faced in the church of his day?
Why is it so difficult for so many scientists
To understand their theories are merely
Works in progress, not security blankets.
That we are never ever really going to be sure
Of very many things in this incredible mystery theater,
And that science has ever only been tinkering with limited data.

CXX

Do scientists really believe all their measurements add up to anything?

CXXI

Will the scientific mind, whatever the discipline,
Ever see that not even one measurement is real?

* * * *

What is the state of mind of a scientist
Who has discerned the mystic awareness?
Clean laboratory, light Bunsen burner.

CXXIII

Telescopes and microscopes see further and further,
And scientists measure in every way possible,
But still they have not found the answer.

* * * *

Scientists and baseball aficionados share a passion for useless data.

CXXV

Will scientists ever run out of things to measure, or see that nothing can be?

CXXXII

Of what use is the exactness of science when measurement is no longer important?

* * * *

If wisdom be true, it will be seen by all who see; that is the science of inner vision.

* * * *

If there are politics, it is not pure science.

CXLIV

Only scientists question the obvious.

CXLV

Valid science, legitimate science, is akin to real religion,
Where wisdom is used to define the context and direction.

* * * *

Consider inward inquiry a scientific experiment.

CXLVI

How far will science and technology go
Before nature reigns its endless manipulation
Back from the brink of foolish endeavor?

CXLVII

Objectivity is merely a game science plays with itself.

CXLIX

Has science truly made a better world?

CLI

A world run by politicians, lawyers, accountants, doctors,
Engineers, scientists, bean-counting bureaucrats, and priests,
Is not a world destined to do well for any sort of long-haul.

CLVI

Scour the mind as a scientist would an atom or the universe, but without all the naming.

* * * *

We have not yet deeply, profoundly realized
That the tap root of science is subjective intuition.
From where else can any hypothesis come?

CLVIII

Objectivity is the cornerstone of science,
Which crumbles like an Egyptian mummy
Upon the slightest serious examination.

CLXIV

How ridiculous that we wait
For scientists and statisticians and pundits
To tell us how insane it is.

CLXVI

It does not take a rocket scientist.

CLXVII

Science is very good at measuring things it kills.

* * * *

Life is not a science.

CLXXXIII

These words are merely observations.
Which you alone, must test out against your own,
To verify if they have any scientific veracity,
Or are merely frivolous wordplay.

CLXXXV

Humanity will eventually be forced to realign with natural law or perish.
Perhaps that "adjustment" will help bring about its true potential.
It is the scientific experiment of the manifest paradigm.

CLICII

Science is only as complete as the questions it asks, and the technology it brings to bear.

CLICIX

How many scientists truly have no agenda? Is that even possible?

CCII

Natural selection creates
Every sort of mutation
Upon this mysterious garden.
Why, how, the scientists try to discern,
But knowledge ever disguises its own limitations,
And true ignorance is layered with endless coats of vanity.

CCIV

To call it the unborn
Implies the reader's understanding
Of physics, chemistry, and the sciences in general,
Wherein the building blocks upon which all creation is founded,
Is the vapor of eternity playing out ceaseless formation.
Science is ultimately a mystical inquiry into reality.

CCVI

Anyone who seriously believes human beings
Will ever colonize another world has lost sight of the fact
That Buck Rogers, Lost in Space, Star Trek, Star Wars, Aliens, Dune,
And the many others, are only popular science fiction fantasies.
The distances across space are too vast, and the likelihood
Of finding a hospitable planet, getting to that planet,
Surviving once there, and ever being seen again,
Make a lottery win look like a piece of cake.

CCVII

Even the purest science is a mirage.

CCIX

How often science proves the obvious.

CCXII

How strange that across the world, we are all conditioned
To play out one identity, one personality or another.
An entire species deluded by a collusion
Of its own collective invention.
Madness on a scale probably unduplicated,
Despite all our science fiction, anywhere in the universe.

CCXVI

Every thought, every insight you have,
Is duplication of what science labels the big bang.
You are the creative-destruction of each and every moment.

CCXVII

How vicious we are with animals
In the arrogance of scientific research.
Would you do the same to your children?

CCXIX

Science has proven,
The more concepts we create,
The more confined by words we become.

CCXXIII

What atrocities we rationalize in the name of science.

* * * *

Having little regard for life,
Science has become an end unto itself.
Knowledge and understanding, no matter the price.
"In the name of science," its tyrannical cry.
Truth is beyond its partial grasp.

CCXXVI

Science can only be as accurate
As the instruments used to measure,
And the mind brought to bear.

* * * *

Scientists pretend they are so objective, but how can they be?
Observer and observed are linked in eternal relativity,
And intellectual assumptions to the contrary
Only blind them to their collusion.

CCXXVIII

True science is always open
To new questions, to new answers.
True science seeks truth, not conclusions.

* * * *

Scientists have delved into the core of the atom,
And found nothing.
Your body is made up of atoms.
Put it together and there is only one conclusion.

CCXXXIII

Everything falls into statistical relativity, the unifying principle that science so vainly seeks.

CCXXXIV

So many scientists, philosophers, assorted scholars,
Probing a mystery that really has no need to be known.

* * * *

Only a true student of science will discern the immensity of relativity's reality.

CCXXXV

Science deals only with what can be measured in space and time.
It cannot fully acknowledge intuition because its foundation
Disintegrates when the unknown is acknowledged.

CCXXXVII

The danger of scientific inquiry and technological advances
Is that no ethical constraints are inherent in the process,
And already the train is going too fast to stay on track.

CCXLIV

Miracles are the invention and puffery of superstition.
Scientific observation often disproves or expands
The context of the many fabled stories of old.

CCXLV

How far will science meander
Before consciousness tumbles
Upon the blade of its own creation.

* * * *

Scientific procedures have enabled
A more complete examination of the mystery.
It is far less likely that natural physical laws were suspended,
Than cultural groupings throughout the world in ancient times were unable,
To discern clearly the seemingly haphazard events about them.
Instead, most conceptualize paranormal explanations,
To deal with the many inexplicable hardships,
With which they were forced to daily contend.
A completely logical means of coping with events.
But more often than not, an incomplete set of assumptions,
That disallow, often with great passion, more supportable conclusions.

CCXLIX

All science can ever really do
Is observe that which is observable,
And measure that which is measurable.
The rest of the story ever remains unknown.

CCLI

It is unending irony and paradox how rationality can be so easily suspended
In the glaringly unambiguous illumination of scientifically corroborated actualities.
The twists and turns of which delusion is capable of manifesting are well beyond number.

CCLII

True science is not a political subject.

CCLIII

You, scientist.

CCLV

The inherent flaw of science, despite its perpetual pursuit of objectivity,
Is that it is, as are all things mind-made in this manifest theater,
Founded on the subjective limits of sensory perception.

CCLVIII

True science is an unblinking, unwavering, unallied eye.

* * * *

What true scientist is not also a philosopher?

CCLIX

The exactness of science has proven that we are all of the same essence,
Yet the arrogant resistance of the many who cannot, will not discern it,
Takes us, and the countless other life forms of this garden world,
Full-throttle, unbuckled, on a calamitous ride toward who knows what,
Like lemmings madly, blindly rushing toward the cliffs and the rocks below.

* * * *

Curious how so many in the medical profession claim to follow the scientific model,
But seamlessly manage all the while to avoid practicing the programmed assertion.

CCLX

Take all those science classes current education offers
– Biology, chemistry, physics, and all their coherently rational brethren –
View them collectively, and see how clearly they point to the same quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

Far easier to be caught up in wave after wave
Of suffocating self pity, oppressive guilt or violent rage
Than it is to examine the source of all passion
As a scientist would a grain of sand.

* * * *

Science is only as potent as eye and technology allow.

CCLXI

Like any given religion or superstition, science is a belief system,
Though it is a tad more precise in its observations and conclusions.

* * * *

Superstitious trepidation blames the inexplicable
On devils, ghosts, and other supernatural explanations,
But objective scientific observation and impersonal reasoning
Will inevitably discern more plausible, more rational interpretations.

CCLXIII

The atoms scientists keep splitting
Into smaller and smaller bits of nothingness,
Is it not clearly obvious that they, too, are really you?
Has not science proven many times beyond a reasonable doubt,
That which, in its early history, it so rationally doubted?
There is, indeed, a god, and it includes you.

CCLXVIII

The blueprint of the seed,
Coupled with the gusty winds of time,
Have blown you like a leaf to this moment in dreamtime.
And on and on you drift, this way and that.
Fate is not rocket science.

* * * *

The more attached you are, the more you will suffer; it is not rocket science.

CCLXIX

Science is only as clear as the mind wielding the technology.

CCLXX

What has science become but the cataloging of unending minutia.

CCLXXI

Science, with all its vigilantly astute observations and measurements,
Must eventually reach an impenetrable wall of profound inexplicability.

CCLXXIII

The astute observation and measurement of true science
Is surely more accurate than any superstition or tradition.

CCLXXV

True science has no agenda but truth.

CCLXXVI

Scientists, psychologists, anthropologists,
Philosophers, mystics, and the like,
Are the paparazzi of the mind.

CCLXXXI

Ignorance does not easily tolerate the spotlight of scientific inquiry.

* * * *

These many thoughts might seem pure lunacy if way more than a handful,
Had not, in many times, many spaces, written of the same thing.
It is, indeed, a scientific inquiry of the highest order.

CCLXXXIII

Objectivity is a myth to which science subscribes, but can never grasp.

CCLXXXVIII

The true scientist does not tolerate lies, nor blink at truth.

CCXC

True science is about truth, not the influence of funding.

CCXCI

Science can measure everything it pleases,
But it can only flail and miscarry, huff and puff,
When it comes to the Great Nada, source of all things.

* * * *

This has all really been
Nothing more than a very large,
Nothing-set-in-stone experiment, of sorts.
You, Self, the first and last scientist.

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CCXCIV

The quest for truth is as scientific an inquiry as you could ever hope to imagine.

* * * *

CCXCVI

It is not rocket science to be reasonably compassionate to all things great and small.

Stay Tuned

More soon ... Of that there can be little doubt for as long as these mortal lungs are still drawing air …
So stay tuned, you Wascally Wabbit.